

SWEET REVENGE

BY
Captain R. A. MITCHELL,
Author of "Rebelloons," "Cleopatra," Etc.

Copyrighted by Harper & Brothers.

CHAPTER VI.

"HAD you a man by the name of Bradbury stopping with you?"

I heard the words spoken at the front door in a pleasant voice, in which there was something languid. My heart began a vigorous thumping. Looking out of the window, I saw a crew of Confederate cavalry at the gate and then starting in different directions, I knew that the house was being surrounded. Helen went out to meet the fugitives.

"Do you wish to see Mr. Bradbury?" she asked.

Helen must have suspected that I was in danger. There was a slight pause in which I fancied she was deliberating what to do.

"He is in a critical condition," she said. "He was wounded recently. Is your business with him important?"

"Very important."

"Show the gentleman in. If you please, Miss Bradford." I entered. I knew there was nothing to be gained by attempting to put the man off. I might appear ungracious.

The air was heavy to where I was. A young man in the uniform of a Confederate captain entered. He was a hulking fellow with an indolent, bold, impudent air, and evidently a gentleman. He was extremely deferential to Helen, carrying his hat in his hand and treating himself as if it pulled him to this hospice upon the household.

"Are you John Bradbury, sir?"

"At your service. And you?"

"Captain Bradford. - the Georgians, sir?"

"What can I do for you, captain?"

"I would trouble you to get up and come with me."

"On what authority?"

"My own, sir. It has been reported to me that a southern man working in the Yankee interest is here and I have come to take him."

"Don't you think that an arbitrary way to treat a citizen of Tennessee?"

"Not when he has Yankee affiliations."

"By what right do you accuse me of Yankee affiliations?"

"You were watching all the time you were at Huntsville, sir. There was no evidence against you, and you were allowed to leave the city, but after you had got away into some cover who claimed to have seen you in one of the Yankee camps at Nashville."

"Indeed! Did he explain his own presence there?"

"This was a home thrust. The captain hesitated.

"It seems to me, captain," I added, following up my advantage, "that you are hasty in acting on such information."

Helen spoke up. "My father was at Nashville soon after the surrender. Should you arrest him?"

The information comes pretty bright. I reckon you'll have to come along."

"I would be liable to open jail bars if it should there might be a trial result?"

We spoke with apparent indifference, but she could not help betraying some interest. The officer looked up at her with a pair of soft brown eyes malignant. I saw at once that he suspected a double relationship between us, but he was too well bred to treat this as delicate a matter.

"To our minds where he is until he is better," he said, bowing to Helen, "you will give me your word—the word of a southern lady—that he shall not



"Are you John Bradbury, sir?"

"Save your breath till we tell him."

Helen cast an uncertain look at me to know if she should give the pointer. I saw at a glance who would need to be told where I was held. I chose after the example of the boys, however, to keep silent. Helen to hear the report of my escape.

"Nevertheless, sir! I shall make up your report to you to point a way to safety between you and me to meet you again, if you are asking for me, or you desire to meet when you are free again. The example of a good man is not to each arrival of your people good news or welcome. As I have so often said, 'What do they care for us, except us?'"

For this was several years ago that I followed the officer past that way into the room. I resolved no longer to let my emotion, but was obliged to get up and go with them. The members of the family, however, did something which gone wrong. Peaked about, kind of the captain deserted them. With true southern impetuosity, without stopping to investigate the charges he had laid in his heart with me, they were all sympathetic with me.

For this was several years ago that I followed the officer past that way into the room. I resolved no longer to let my emotion, but was obliged to get up and go with them. The members of the family, however, did something which gone wrong. Peaked about, kind of the captain deserted them. With true southern impetuosity, without stopping to investigate the charges he had laid in his heart with me, they were all sympathetic with me.

Indeed. Mr. Bradford attempted to abridge my case for me, of course to no purpose. The negroes were all indignant. While waiting for my horse I heard him delivering himself in the back hall.

"What's dat infernal noise wid he slaves outside all over this here god-damned place?" But what yo' soul free from? Colored folks got just freedom dat. I hear much talkin' bout Southern liberty. What's de use o' stonin' about liberty when de older man got his hand on yo' collar?"

I heard no more, for I was conducted out to the gallery. And as I started down the walk Ethel appeared, with curious eyes, and I pointed to take her up and give her a parting kiss. I cast a glance at Helen. There was intense interest in her face, but among so many emotions I could not discover which predominated. I went with the soldiers down to the gate, where I found my horse, and mounting, a cavalcade on each side of me rode away with the troops.

We proceeded up thepike for a short distance, then crossing the railroad track, struck a road which bent to the east.

"Captain!" I said. "I don't like the direction you are going. If your intentions were not honorable, you would take me to Huntsville and examine into the charge against me. It appears that you are taking me into the country to dispose of me."

"I am on my way to join my squadron near Brownsville, sir, where you will have an opportunity to face your accuser. If yo' are innocent, yo'll have no trouble. Yo' can enlist in my company."

"Thank you. Do I look like a man who would go begging for a commission?"

"I kept yo' pardon, sir." And he lifted his hat apologetically.

I had forgotten my occasions thus far, but I confess I did not like the situation. As a southern man used to southern people, I felt a certain confidence, yet if it were known that I was a Union soldier I would be put out of the way without benefit of clergy. Who was the man who had informed against me? What did he know? The more I thought about it the more intensely became my anxiety. Suddenly I looked up and saw white tents. I knew at once by the looks of the camp that it contained one or two companies of cavalry. There was a railroad bridge near by, crossing what I knew to be Flint River, and I judged that the cavalry was guarding this bridge.

I had forgotten my unlucky wound and was intent on the camp which passed under overhanging branches, a star which scathed my arm, and I felt at once that it had been injured. I told the captain of my fears, and we halted to make an examination. Taking off my coat, there as I expected, was a stain of fresh blood on my shirt sleeve.

"You needn't trouble yourself to mind me," I remarked. "That wound is a better enemy than all my others together."

The captain cast glances about him for a house. He had no intention of murdering me or being a party indirectly to my death. While he was making a survey of the surrounding country I was telling my hinderer tales above the world.

I had forgotten my unlucky wound and was intent on the camp which passed under overhanging branches, a star which scathed my arm, and I felt at once that it had been injured. I told the captain of my fears, and we halted to make an examination. Taking off my coat, there as I expected, was a stain of fresh blood on my shirt sleeve.

"You needn't trouble yourself to mind me," I remarked. "That wound is a better enemy than all my others together."

The captain cast glances about him for a house. He had no intention of murdering me or being a party indirectly to my death. While he was making a survey of the surrounding country I was telling my hinderer tales above the world.

"Can you get to that plantation?" he asked.

I looked up and saw a large man about half a mile distant, with his flanking rows of bayonets.

"I can try it."

We mounted and rode on and in a few minutes passed into the gateway between surpising stone posts, proceeding by a winding way to the house. I was glad to dismount and get inside the shadowed hall out of the sun. There I sat down on an old fashioned dark cloth chaise-longue sofa.

A number of white and negro children who were playing together as innocently as if the Yankees were not the property of their fair-skinned playmates stood gaping at me. A skin man with a determined mouth, at the corners of which were teeth of tobacco juice, turned out to be an overseer—an elderly woman, whom I had heard addressed as Miss Franklin, and a quadroon girl made up to the brim. I was sitting with my head resting against the sofa back, weak and despondent. Suddenly down the great winding staircase came a young girl with a deeply puffed figure, a pretty oval face, and an olive complexion, from which two blotted shapes had faded at me and the group about me with the consciousness of astonishment. Hearing her words, she sat in a way peculiar to herself, she asked:

"What's the traitor?"

"The goddamned traitor from a word to the arm, Miss Jack," said the quadroon girl.

"Who is he? What is he? Is he going to die?" She said the words as if they were bullets.

"Jacqueline," but in the elderly lady called Miss Franklin, "don't ask so many questions at once." Then she went up stairs, remarking that the world being her breeding school.

"I don't think I'm going to die just yet," I said, smiling indifferently at the young girl whose interest I had excited. "I received a wound a few days ago and have not very bad luck with it. Anything that has me never fails to strike the gods' spot."

"Why don't you be down, Captain?" he said followings.

Certainly, the quadroon girl was one of the ugliest specimens of the poor white or the black could possibly be interested, and the reason I saw her knowing of his cruelty for me, I gave myself up to her.

"There he is," said Captain Bradford.

"Indeed," said the other girl, "he is indeed."

"A creature from the south, in the pilot hours, one of our best Negroes does. What's his name? Jim, Tom, Dick, or some such?" he's on some errand to the Yankee general at Huntsville."

Suddenly all the execrable incidents of the captain deserted him. With true southern impetuosity, without stopping to investigate the charges he had laid in his heart with me, they were all sympathetic with me.

Indeed. Mr. Bradford attempted to abridge my case for me, of course to no purpose. The negroes were all indignant. While waiting for my horse I heard him delivering himself in the back hall.

"What's dat infernal noise wid he slaves outside all over this here god-damned place?" But what yo' soul free from?

Indeed. Mr. Bradford attempted to abridge my case for me, of course to no purpose. The negroes were all indignant. While waiting for my horse I heard him delivering himself in the back hall.

"Cynthia, go get pillow!" repeated Miss Jacqueline, stamping her foot.

It occurred to her that this young girl presented an unfriendly disposition. Cynthia, who was doubtless used to her mistress' way of speaking, went for the pillows, and when they arrived Miss Jack made me lie down, whether I would or not, and covered me with a shawl, sprinkling me all the while with such a warm shower of devotion that despite her frate order to her maid, she won my heart.

Looking out through the half door, I saw a fat man, dressed in a light blouse, with stockings, riding the peripatetic from his face and riding up to the gallery. He dismounted and entered, putting on a grave face, he examined my wound carefully and made great odds about dressing and bandaging it, then delivered the usual admonition. He departed, leaving me lying on the sofa. Miss Jack beside me, ministering to wants that were just waited, devising schemes to meet requirements that were not required. Suddenly the two guards entered her attention. They had been in the tall ever since my arrival, but had not until this moment excited her anxiety.

"What are you doing here?" Through her words were spoken plainly, her voice was soft and caressing.

"Oh, guard," replied one of the two.

"This isn't your house. Go away from here."

"I didn't get no orders."

"I give you orders." Fine was beginning to dart from her eyes.

I trembled. "They are only doing their duty."

"They have no right in this house."

"But if you drive them out they will take me with them."

"Will they?" Her manner changed.

"Never mind," she said to the guard.

"Please don't leave us. You won't have you go for the world. You're quite



"She looked at me with a smile, then at the other."

innocent, one on the side of the host, the other on the other side. The ladies, then at arms in battle array."

The men looked at each other coolly and grimaced. The fat went up to one of them and asked him to let her examine his carbine. He did not quite like to let her do, but she took it without saying "My dear."

"What a timely guest these show! How many times do you think it isn't I wonder if I could shoot with it?"

She dodged it up to her shoulder and after pointing it to the wall, she let it rest at one end, then at the other. They both looked a trifle nervous, but not nodding. Then she made a motion to cock it when the smoke was covering one of the men, and he peeped out. She went into a mere laugh.

"What a brave man! Can't stand being pointed at by a girl! Here is a batch! What's it like?"

The soldier made no reply, but reached for his carbine and seemed very much relieved when the soldier hit to take it. There was no more said, for at that instant we heard the sound of horses' hoofs and looking out through the hall doorway, I saw two men riding up to the house. The one was Captain Bradford, the other, the doctor, the doctor of all my Tennessee enemies and now whom I had visited most summary punishment for the part he had taken in the massacre. In another instant they had dismounted and descended the steps of the gallery, then came rapidly through the hall. Captain Bradford's appearance denoted that there was something on his mind of great moment. His countenance turned along beside him with the appearance of one looking for something or some one of peculiar interest to him. He was a short, thick-set man in ordinary trousers, a double-breasted vest, open at neck and a broad-brimmed straw hat, the base of which indicated that it had served for several summers. His nose had been broken, and he had lost an eye. A extra studie, down and crag-bound grew on his hands, one white, though a southerner, was having information for the doctor.

"What's the traitor?"

"The goddamned traitor from a word to the arm, Miss Jack," said the quadroon girl.

"Who is he? What is he? Is he going to die?" She said the words as if they were bullets.

"Jacqueline," but in the elderly lady called Miss Franklin, "don't ask so many questions at once." Then she went up stairs, remarking that the world being her breeding school.

"Captain," I cried, "if you shoot me, you will commit a mortal sin!"

"Pointing to the beds beside him, "He's the traitor," I said. "I know him well. I saw him shooting down a woman and children. I saw him."

"I stopped him," replied the other. "I shot him."

"Who is he?" asked Miss Jack again.

"A creature from the south, in the pilot hours, one of our best Negroes does. What's his name? Jim, Tom, Dick, or some such?" he's on some errand to the Yankee general at Huntsville."

Suddenly all the execrable incidents of the captain deserted him. With true southern impetuosity, without stopping to investigate the charges he had laid in his heart with me, they were all sympathetic with me.

Indeed. Mr. Bradford attempted to abridge my case for me, of course to no purpose. The negroes were all indignant. While waiting for my horse I heard him delivering himself in the back hall.

"What's dat infernal noise wid he slaves outside all over this here god-damned place?" But what yo' soul free from?

Indeed. While the guards were advancing toward me she stole up to the captain and slipped her arm through his. When he looked down at her, she was looking up into his face with the expression of coquetry. His first expression was one of surprise; then all severity died away. An amused look followed, mingled with admiration, and at last he broke into a pleasant smile.

CHAPTER VI.

AN AMATEUR SQUIRE.

IHAD seen men disgraced in various ways, by argument, force, but never have I seen one so quickly vanquished as he who was about to rush me off to execution. His intended act was most unwarranted, and had he been induced to retreat by logical arguments I should not have been surprised. But Jacqueline knew nothing of logic or the merits of the case. She used no plea; she conquered by a look.

"What a queer man!"

"Who—?" The captain's smile broadened.

"Quietest man I ever saw. What do yo' want

**SUCH A CHANGE.**

Not only in feelings but in looks. The skin is clear, the eyes are bright, the cheeks are plump. No more pale and misery, no more sick headache, no more insomnia. What worked the change? Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which cured the disease of the stomach that prevented proper nutrition, and also cleansed the clogged and sluggish liver.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It cures diseases of lungs, heart, liver, and other organs which seem remote from the stomach because many of these diseases have their cause in a diseased condition of the stomach involving the allied organs of digestion and nutrition.

"Send me a letter about a year ago," writes Mrs. J. H. Dutton, of Pawtucket, Marion, Conn., "and you will receive my reply and a second letter from you in a few days telling me to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Twelve Prescribed' bottle of each. I used three of each, and feel like a new woman. Don't bother and pay for pictures any more. Just a small bottle of each and the Blue and Gold powder, entitled 'How to live and how to die,' will do just as well. I have had a doctor, a dentist, and a surgeon tell me that my teeth were not digesting properly. I would have sick headaches three and four in a week. Could not do the work myself. I commented using your medicines as recommended for a few days, and the doctor said, 'I can't believe it, but you are getting better.' I could not believe it, but he said he could not cure me, and he said he could give me medicine to help me but the trouble might return any time. I doctors three visits without any relief. Hazel had bad headaches often took the first bottle of your medicine."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation.

Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire line of

Pall and Winter Wholesalers,

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic factories at 15 per cent less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

196 Thames Street,
NEWPORT, R. I.

Artistic Beauty**and Permanence**

in the desirable qualities combined in our

"Mezzo-Tints."

We have a large collection on exhibition at the studio, and invite you to call and see the particular attention paid to children's portraits.

E. H. CHILD,

212 THAMES STREET.

PROV. BLANK BOOK MANUF.

REAR OF POST OFFICE.

37 CUSTOM HOUSE STREET, PROVIDENCE.

Blank books, wholesale or retail, on hand or made to any desired pattern. Book Binding, Paper Rolling, Edge Gilding, Office Furniture, Machine Perfuming and Flower Cutting. H. M. COOMBS & CO., Binders to the State.

WATER.

ALL PERSONS, desirous of buying water introduced into their residence or place of business, should make application at the office, Marlboro street, near Thames.

Office hours from 8 a.m. to 2 p.m.

WM. S. SLOCUM, Treasurer.

GOLDBECK'S**Diastatic Extract of Malt.**

This preparation represents the best and most nutritious form of MALT, containing large percentages of diastase and extractive matter together with a minimum amount of alcohol. It is especially adapted to promote digestion of starch food, converting it into dextrose and glucose, which form it is easily assimilated forming fat.

It will be found invaluable in Weakness, Chronic Debility, Byssopsin, (due to organic disease or Infirmity), Nervous Exhaustion, Anemia, Malnutrition, etc.

To Nursing Mothers it wonderfully increases strength, stimulates, and supplying sugar and protein to the milk, whereby the child is nourished.

In sleeplessness it causes quiet and natural sleep.

DIRECTIONS—A wine-glassful with each meal and on going to bed, as may be directed by the physician. It may be diluted with water and sweetened to suit the taste of the child in proportion to age.

Sold by P. W. SHEEHAN,

14 and 21 Kinston's Wharf,
Newport, R. I.

Prescribe Your Roofs

—WITH—

**PHOENIX
Roofing Cement.**

Has been used in this State for over 25 years and has given perfect satisfaction wherever used. Impermeable to water or weather. Contains no oil. Stop all leaks.

Condensed Roofs Put in Perfect Condition and warranted for Three Years. Best of City References Given.

Orders to be sent to the MERCURY OFFICE
A. L. SPENCER, Agent.

Phoenix Roofing Co.

J. D. JOHNSTON,**Architect and Builder,**

Plans and Estimates furnished on application. General Building, Masonry, Tile and Stucco Work executed with dispatch.

Shop 35 Market St., Office 70 Pelham St.
P. O. Box 361. Residence 10 Church St.

TWO-SCORE YEARS AGO**The G. A. R.
Anniversary
at Cleveland,
September 9-14.**

WITH marching and waving of banners, with speedily glancing and glorifying, the Grand Army veterans celebrate the day of their long stay at the annual encampment in Cleveland Sept. 9 to 14. This is the fortieth anniversary of 1861, the nutt year of the new nation. Forty years ago the colonel in his spurs and the soldier in his blouse were marching and waving banners, speedily glancing and glorifying all along the line from Maine to Texas.

In September, 1861, with bruised and bleeding, the army was looking the war job over and busing muscle and limb for another trial. The job had grown upon public common sense as well as on public imagination since Sumter days. Some old heads were saying, "Let our war-worn sister of the south go in peace." But the spunky younger brothers of the north said, "Time enough for that after we have given them a good spanking."

Sumter, Bull Run, Rich Mountain and Wilson's Creek—the first a humiliation, the second a disaster, the third a victory and the fourth a Bull Run of the west. Shockingly swift retrograde the influx of the volunteers of autumn, 1861, traveled without a tremor, without a pause. What if 75,000, what if 100,000, what if 200,000, had fallen down on the job the first three months? The new quota flock to the tents ringing.

"We're coming, Father Abraham, Three hundred thousand more!"

Braven boys from Bull Run had reached home to be honored, and fresh graves of Bull Run heroes made their brown seas upon every northern hillside. Somebody had been hurt in trying to march from the Potomac to the gulf. Somebody must yet be hurt on the same course, and more were ready to face broken bones and early graves.

Words are weak to tell the story of that first great uprising of April, the swift, instinctive gathering of the surprised and wounded troops for a leap at the sudden and remorseless foe. It was a mighty mood and a savage one. The hosts who went marching on and on, invoking the soul of John Brown and proposing to swing Jeff Davis' hammock under baying apple slades, were in earnest, and if the time had been called while the fever was high and the fit was on something would have happened worth recalling. In 1861, perhaps the end of the war. But a three months' campaign is just time enough in which to find out whether or not you must fight and whether or not you're glad or sorry for it.

This volunteer illustrated the difference between the spirit of April and September, 1861, by saying, "Until Bull Run I was afraid I wouldn't get sight of a Johnny's confederate till it was all over. Then I went home, married the girl I left behind me, rented out the farm, joined the church, made my will and re-enlisted for the war."

All through that summer the Yankees fathers were saying to their favorite sons, "If we lose the first battle, then you may go!" Of course every favorite son was sure the first battle would be lost without him in it, but 'twas useless to say so, and he bided his time, meanwhile getting familiar with the idea that battles could be lost and taking in other nuggets of base sense about war. He was found in the ranks of Father Abraham's "three hundred thousand."

One of the generals said that the troops he took out in April, 1861, were the finest soldiers and the poorest fighters an army ever had, but those who came to him after Bull Run were the poorest soldiers and the best fighters. When they couldn't get at the enemy, they fought among themselves, and the only discipline they took to was the order, "Come on, boys," when in a charge.

It was a prevalent notion in April, 1861, that the never do wells—Tom, Dick and Harry were the kind to fill the ranks as common soldiers. Young men with stuff in them should wait for



LIEUTENANT GENERAL NELSON A. MILES,
U. S. A.

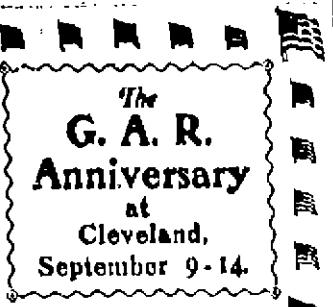
(Captain of volunteers, Sept. 9, 1861.)

tomorrow. The ruffians got it early and got home early too. What poor timber there was squeezed in among the three hundred thousand grew very lonely in that company and soon drifted to the commissary department and the wagon trains.

The straggling fights in West Virginia between Lee and McClellan were indicative of what the war was to be.

The Canadian Seacoast.

The western Canadian seacoast, from the Bay of Fundy to the strait of Belle Isle, covers a distance of 5,000 miles, and British Columbia, with its multitude of bays and mountainous islands, has a coast-line of 7,500 miles and a salt water inshore area, not including minor indentations, of 1,500 square miles.



Like there were ten skirmishes and actions in six weeks during June and July. In the last, at Rich Mountain, McClellan scattered an army and killed its leader. That was victory, and "Little Mac" became the idol of the hour. General Scott declined after Bull Run. Laudie Izine and Chaplin were no longer names to charm with. McClellan had earned a state of the empire, and that was what the new crop of volunteers were out to accomplish, gleaming to the whole south. It was a sudden awakening to the real task in the country. The government took the cue, increased the navy and called the veterans marching from his rose garden on the Hudson to blow torpedoes at New Orleans and Mobile. McClellan's bold and weak points have long been settled to the satisfaction of popular history, but there is one fact no one disputes, and that is that he was the ideal for the head of the army when it was organizing for the job that lay ahead of it in September, 1861. War demands in soldiers something besides enthusiasm for a cause. "Little Mac" turned the three hundred thousand recruits of Father Abraham into corps, divisions and brigades of soldiers, eager to win, but at the same time willing to learn the rules of the game by slow stages in the midst of toll and drudgery.

On the military side that was the beginning of real war. The impulse to go on and win out at all cost which won them set going did not end until Appomattox. The temper of the hour in the camp at the front has been graphically depicted by Compte de Paris in his historical chapter on *Mcclellan Organizing the Grand Army*.

Writing of September, 1861, the count says:

Every veteran will be able to recall that extracts from the people of the north directed all their native energy and spirit of initiative to the raising of enormous levies of future combatants and their military equipment and when infantry battalions, squadrons of cavalry and batteries of artillery sprang, as it were, from the earth.

There was nothing sly or half hidden about the patriotism which filled the recruiting camps of the fall of 1861. The president had asked for 600,000 men, and over 700,000 rushed to arms. Yet going to the front was not a jinking trip nor soldiering in camp a picnic in 1861. The three months' men had brought home their stories of sour bread, of spoiled meat and stale soup, of the evils of the contract kitchen and the robbery of potential favorites eager to get rich, though the troops starved and wore shoddy. Every rendezvous had its barracks rebellion, when tables were smashed and contractors roughly handled. But regiment after regiment went through the same performance, rejected the staff set before them and bought their own food or went without. Then they passed on to the front, shouting as loudly as before their greeting to Father Abraham, and the hardships became such an old story that the "kicker" were the most unpopular fellows in the army.

In its moral results the three months' campaign of 1861 was about on a par with Shafter's expedition to Cuba in 1898. There was the same hue and cry over the harshness of the soldiers, over officious arrogance and negligence, over rotten rations and the treatment of sick and wounded. Generals and colonels were pilloried and chaos seemed about to come upon the nation. But any talk of abandoning the cause on this account would have led up to a new rebellion. If the trifles couldn't be cured, they would be heroically endured, for the war must go on. That was the patriotic view, and a stalwart half million of the best blood of the country, including thousands who will march in Cleveland, bridged the crisis and saved the republic.

The civil war lasted long enough to teach the volunteers of 1861 that there are worse things in soldiering than barrack fare or shoddy uniforms. The time came when the troops on the firing line would have been glad to get

the bite of Bull Run. Miles received his first commission on Sept. 9, 1861, and although so youthful that Governor Andrew asked him to return it and give way to an older head he was soon enough to have recruited a company and get elected captain to lead it to the front. General Chaffee enlisted as a private the day after Bull Run and 40 years ago was learning the art of the cavalry routine. Shafter had just mustered his company of Michigan volunteers and was putting the men through the feelings, perhaps taking instructions himself. General Young, the hero of the cavalry fight at Guantánamo, Cuba, completed the three months' term in the Pennsylvania militia on Sept. 9, 1861; got his commission as captain of a company of cavalry he raised under Lincoln's call for 300,000 three year men. MacArthur, the youngest of all the veteran generals now on the roster, being then under military age, took up the role of schoolmaster in the camps of the recruits at Milwaukee. The veterans at Cleveland had the same spirit and were moved with the same courage as these five comrades who stood at the head of the

SWEET REVENGE.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO.)
immediately well over to smoke it blinder without another for me. Miss Jack solved the problem by standing before him with a lighted match till he was forced to yield.

Then from without came the jingle of a banjo. Jacqueline caught the sound and stood listening, her head poised on one side, her eyes sparkling as though forgetful of everything save the music.

"That's 'The Bonny Blue Flag,'" she exclaims, and she intones the words in a sweet though by no means strong voice.

As she went on the song rather than hummed, becoming more and more animated, keeping time by patting her foot on the floor. I glanced at the captain. He was looking at her admiringly, the chorus enhanced at hearing a war song dear to every Confederate soldier given with so much spirit by such an attractive creature.

Suddenly the music stopped.

"Don't you like music?" asked Jacqueline of the captain. "I do; I love it."

"I like it when warred by such attractive lips," replied the officer.

Then the banjoist without played a Spanish dance. Jacqueline's body began to vibrate; but, though alive in every limb, she did not dance. There was something tantalizing in a promised treat that was not realized.

"Dance!" cried the captain, an exclamation took in his handsome eyes.

"Shall I?"

"Do, please," I put in.

As a bird that has been soaring slowly in its expected course, Jacqueline passed from comparative rest to motion. In another instant she was moving about the hall with improvised steps, as though dancing was, to use a paradoxical expression, her normal condition of rest. She leaped, dropped, rose, rested, keeping time with her head, her arms, her whole body. For awhile I was so delighted that I forgot all except the date, and when I be-



MAJOR GENERAL R. M. YOUNG, U. S. A.
(Captain of volunteers, Sept. 9, 1861.)

Army today. They fought the fight, ended their battles and laid by the sword when the work to which Father Abraham called them was done.

There was nothing sly or half hidden about the patriotism which filled the recruiting camps of the fall of 1861.

The president had asked for 600,000 men, and over 700,000 rushed to arms. Yet going to the front was not a jinking trip nor soldiering in camp a picnic in 1861. The three months' men had brought home their stories of sour bread, of spoiled meat and stale soup, of the evils of the contract kitchen and the robbery of potential favorites eager to get rich, though the troops starved and wore shoddy.

Every rendezvous had its barracks rebellion, when tables were smashed and contractors roughly handled. But regiment after regiment went through the same performance, rejected the staff set before them and bought their own food or went without. Then they passed on to the front, shouting as loudly as before their greeting to Father Abraham, and the hardships became such an old story that the "kicker" were the most unpopular fellows in the army.

In its moral results the three months' campaign of 1861 was about on a par with Shafter's expedition to Cuba in 1898. There was the same hue and cry over the harshness of the soldiers, over officious arrogance and negligence, over rotten rations and the treatment of sick and wounded. Generals and colonels were pilloried and chaos seemed about to come upon the nation. But any talk of abandoning the cause on this account would have led up to a new rebellion.

If the trifles couldn't be cured, they would be heroically endured, for the war must go on. That was the patriotic view, and a stalwart half million of the best blood of the country, including thousands who will march in Cleveland, bridged the crisis and saved the republic.

The civil war lasted long enough to teach the volunteers of 1861 that there are worse things in soldiering than barrack fare or shoddy uniforms. The time came when the troops on the firing line would have been glad to get

the bite of Bull Run. Miles received his first commission on Sept. 9, 1861, and although so youthful that Governor Andrew asked him to return it and give way to an older head he was soon enough to have recruited a company and get elected captain to lead it to the front. General Chaffee enlisted as a private the day after Bull Run and 40 years ago was learning the art of the cavalry routine. Shafter had just mustered his company of Michigan volunteers and was putting the men through the feelings, perhaps taking instructions himself. General Young, the hero of the cavalry fight at Guantánamo, Cuba, completed the three months' term in the Pennsylvania militia on Sept. 9, 1861; got his commission as captain of a company of cavalry he raised under Lincoln's call for 300,000 three year men. MacArthur, the youngest of all the veteran generals now on the roster, being then under military age, took up the role of schoolmaster in the camps of the

The Mercury.

JOHN R. BARBURN, Editor and Manager.

Saturday, August 24, 1901.

The exports of this country in the last few weeks have been the largest ever known, and what is better each week gives an increase over the one preceding.

Great freight traffic underway for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition to be held in St. Louis in 1903. The Queen of the Mississippi is going to try to outdo Chicago.

One stubborn agent says that this year's crop will bring \$20,000,000 more than that of last year. The entire amount that is planted in 1901 will be satisfactory.

At the Rhode Island day exercises to be held in Buffalo, Sept. 10, the Hon. Henry J. Spangler will deliver the oration. Governor Gregory and staff and a company of the Rhode Island militia will be present.

The Democratic convention that is being held in the various states all with great unanimity, forget to mention Bryan and his pet silver schemes, Bryan and Free Silver are evidently dead issues.

One lone highwayman overhauled a wagon load of driblets and relieved them of \$2,000 in cash. He did this with a gun that had been eighty a month.

Admiral Dewey declines to say anything about the Garrison-Schley controversy. The distinguished old Spanish sailor can hold his tongue, which is a great naval feat. And some of the yankee naval men would do well to take a lesson from him.

A Missouri man has just sold his apple crop for \$4,000. Yet the man who works for two months in the city and lives in three little rooms next to some alley walls to know how people can possibly be contented in the country, says the Chicago Record-Herald.

Mr. Thomas Lippincott has arrived on this side the water, so has Blawieck the second. Mr. Thomas is such an agreeable opponent, that many people think he almost deserves to win in his plebeian contest for the great yachting trophy. There are but a few who believe that he will win. Blawieck has undoubtedly the best boat that ever contested the claim to the America's cup.

The steel strike seems to be fast petering out. The corporation is starting up new mills every day and the strikers are losing courage. As this was not a strike for increased wages nor shorter hours of labor but simply what the leaders of the strike claim is for principle there is not much sympathy on the side of the strikers. It will be hard work to maintain a strike that the public does not at least give to it its moral support of sympathy.

A Lewiston Journal correspondent says: "I have never seen such a rush in the machine factories in Easton as there is at the present time. More hiring are being caught than can be handled at the factories and it is impossible for the strikers to take the machines to Boston as rapidly as they are produced. Some of the factories at Easton are receiving 1,000 bags-heads of herring a day, and most of them are working day and night to try and keep up with the rush." French sardines ought to be very abundant this year.

It is said on good authority and has not been contradicted that J. Pierpont Morgan has planned the greatest labor union of the age, a nation of labor and labor's ally—capital. According to his plans, stock of the United States Steel Corporation valued at several millions dollars a year has been set aside for the purchase of industrial properties that make up the great steel trust. What effect the strike may have on this philanthropic plan it is difficult to predict.

The National Banks of New York are many of them valuable property. The National Chemical Bank, the par value of whose shares is \$100, is selling for \$200 and upwards per share. It pays 5% per cent. interest annually. The Fifth Avenue Bank sells for \$8,250 per share and pays dividend of 100 per cent. each year. New York County Bank sells for \$1500 a share and its dividend rate is 5% per cent. The Farmers City Bank pays only 6% per cent., but its shares sell at \$150 and upward. The stock of the Chase National is worth \$700 and upwards. It pays 12 per cent.

The merchants of Brooklyn have incurred a war on trading stamps. A meeting of about 100 merchants was held Thursday night, at which the sentiment against trading stamps was strong. Market men, fish dealers and grocers were in the majority. A meeting was held by these brokers of the trade recently, and at that time nearly all agreed not to use trading stamps or anything that corresponds to them. A committee of seven has been at work since that time. The result is that there are now 150 grocers, fish dealers and market men who have agreed to dispense with stamps. Second to make a stand against the use of the stamp were the shoe dealers. They have agreed not to use any trading stamp or to deal in them, in any way. Every shoe dealer in town, with two exceptions, has signed the agreement. Even these two, who are using the stamp, the shoe dealers expect to join

Summary Justice.

There was a disturbance in New York not long ago. A stayed, tied horse was dragging a truck loaded with empty stones along Broadway. Its strength gave out and it dropped. The driver behind the wretched animal with a heavy whip, jerked with all his strength upon the reins and finally pulled the horse up to its knees, he renewed his beating.

This performance caused a crowd to gather, and it was not long before the temper of that crowd became warmer than even the high temperature of an August day would warrant. The driver was caused to stop, and threatening gestures were made in his direction, till he was a stubborn sort of person, and the more the crowd talked the more densely he flushed the horse. He finally succeeded in driving away, but at the pace he was able to go the crowd could easily keep up with him, and did. When he began to beat the horse once more the crowd closed in on him, and a scuffle on the roadway ensued on the scene. Then the crowd began to left the policeman what to do. One well dressed man said, "Arrest him, officer, and I'll make a complaint." The driver, his temper now up high at all that of the crowd, declined to get off his seat, and there was a general cry of "Pull him off that truck!"

It did not take long to do it. A dozen people hustled the man off his seat, and some more hustled the horse, and an elderly man gave the prisoner a cutting blow on the side of the face. He did not need to follow the Biblical injunction to hit the other cheek, for there were people on the other side of him ready to attend to that cheek, and two or three chorus girls hit him over the head with their umbrellas. Altogether, he spent the next few minutes being hustled about and thrashed, while the horse stood and looked on, and it is to be hoped that the animal enjoyed it. As soon as the policeman could get through they had marched his prisoner off to jail.

Of course, it is not to be argued that it is always best for the public to take the law into its own hands, but there are times when it seems to be unavoidable. If the man had been mistreating a woman or a small boy of Broadway at that time of day, or at any time when there was a crowd about, he would probably have been made to sit for quite as severely, and the spectators would not have waited for the police. The kind of faced who is given toounding those who are manifestly unable to defend themselves against him knows perfectly well that the public will not stand any dromes of the sort in public. He, therefore, confines that sort of brutality to the privacy of his own home. He has quite enough intelligence and self-control to do that. There is no reason why he should not be made to feel the same need of self-restraint in the case of a horse or any other dumb animal. The trouble lies here in the fact that the public conscience was not sufficiently awake to notice whether a big, rough bully thrashed a horse. It should be thus avoided, if just as proper for a crowd to stop that sort of proceeding as for the passengers to interfere to stop any other sort of misbehavior with the police.

Everything promises that the St. Louis Exposition will collapse something of the kind ever held in the world. Close study of the best points of every International Exposition has this year been enjoyed with most of the efforts that make so delightful the average American home; it will not be the fault of the hotel managers there. Every accessory conducive to indoor or outdoor enjoyment has been provided in the world-famous White Mountain hosteries, and luxury and luxuriance with which one may travel thither in the equally famous express trains of the Boston & Maine railroad removes the last possible objection to the journey thither.

The uplifting beauty of the White Mountains has so often been noticed by the most brilliant among American writers and thinkers that those who come after them feel a reluctance to their what they have so much more eloquently said. There is an abundance of splendid literature on the subject of the White Mountains, and it ought to be more widely read than it is.

From the day of Starr King, who may be called the discoverer of the region,

In the sense of its poets and picturesque values, the White Mountains have proved an inimitable source of inspiration to the poet and the descriptive writer, and the glories of Mt. Washington and its sublime sunrise and sunset views, of snow-bounding Tuckerman's ravine of the Glen, the Crawford Notch, Franklin Notch, Echo Lake, the Pemigewasset River, North Woods,

the Franconia Notch, the White Mountains, the Pemigewasset Valley and the many other charming sections of the mountains have been sung throughout the civilized world.

"Among the Mountains" will tell one briefly about all these places, and "Along Shore" will describe the manifold attractions of old Old Orchard, Kennebunk, Wells, Ogunquit, York, Rye, Hampton and the other popular Atlantic coast resorts hereabouts.

These illustrated booklets are issued by the passenger department of the Boston & Maine railroad, and will be sent to my address, on receipt of a cent stamp, for postage.

Weather Bulletin.

Copyrighted, 1901, by W. T. Peter.

Providence, R. I., Aug. 24.—Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross-continent September 1 to 5, warm wave 1 to 4, cool wave 8 to 7.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast of S. West central valleys 6 to 8, eastern states 6.

Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about 4, great central valleys 8, eastern states 8. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about 7, great central valleys 5, eastern states 11.

Week ending September 2 will average about normal with no special weather events of importance—the east before the storm, the sleeping giant gathering strength for the future fray.

About date of this bulletin a comparatively cool wave will be in the great central valleys moving eastward, but the end of the hot wave is not yet; it will probably renew our trouble with another searching on meridian 90 near 28 and then we may expect another rest from inconveniences of torrid weather.

After some storms September 8 to 10 a delightful place of cool and bracing weather will overpread the whole continent, but lovers of house plants in the northern states would better cover up trees out of doors about September 1, for Jack frost may conclude a visit about that time.

Done with hot weather? Oh no! You will get another bluster for September 16 to 22 with only a short cool wave between.

What shall you do with your old corn? Keep it of course. Don't think of sending it to Chicago. There are twelve million bushels of corn here now and the price is too high to ship it to Europe. Corn will be shipped from Chicago back into the country places where a sufficient supply has been produced and whoever has old corn ought to be happy and keep it till they see further.

Wheat? You will be disappointed if you have expected to raise as good a crop of winter wheat next year as the average of this year, and you would be very foolish to sell wheat now.

Whoever gets less than 90 cents for wheat at Chicago will not get what belongs to them. I sold the same four months ago and am not ready to make corrections.

Mrs. H. B. Hanson went to New

York last Sunday.

Sailors Meet.

The initial meeting of the Rhode Island sailors was held in Providence, Wednesday. Nearly all the members of the profession throughout the State were present.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Capt. Geo. H. Petit, state sealer; vice president, Elmer S. Luther; secretary-treasurer, Roy C. Greene.

After the election of officers Capt. Petit showed some of the ways in which people were cheated on short measure. He showed some false buttons taken from people in various parts of the city, and confounded by the department. The sailors then adjourned to Eighty Point where dinner was served, after which a sail down the bay was enjoyed.

Washington Matters.

Anxious European Countries on American Policy.—The latest news of Schley's inquiry—St. Louis Exposition—Native Population of Hawaii an Interesting Study—"Old Pro" All Right for Once—A Disagreeable Duty.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, Aug. 19, 1901.

Supreme press comment upon American policy of what the European editors regard as such as always more or less damning, but those called over alleging that the present revolution and war between Columbia and Venezuela, seem to be a combination of both, has been justified by the Government of the United States for the purpose of giving the way for an excuse to take absolute possession of the Isthmus of Panama, are more than absurd; they are ridiculous. The European editors write of the gathering of great fleets of American warships on both sides of the Isthmus, when, as a matter of fact, there isn't a single warship within ten days' sail of either the Atlantic or the Pacific side of the Isthmus, and only three two small vessels and the battleship Iowa, have been ordered to Panama waters, and neither Secretary Hay nor Acting Secretary Hackett, both of whom are familiar with the situation on the Isthmus, has any idea that either of them will have any serious work to do after they get there, which will probably not be before the first week in September. Publications in my own yellow journals are in a measure responsible for the misrepresentation of European editors. Our own people know how much the wild statements are worth; the Europeans do not.

The latest story about the Schley court of Inquiry, alleging that the Army Department would not furnish Schley with a list of its witnesses, was remarkable only for the ignorance it showed concerning the methods of the department. It is the invariable rule of the Department to furnish the officer who asks for a Court of Inquiry with a list of the witnesses submitted by the Department, as soon as it is fully made up, and the rule will not be departed from in the Schley case. Schley's three lawyers were at the department today, and submitted to Acting Secretary Hackett a complete list of witnesses chosen by Admiral Schley.

Hon. Thomas H. Carter, ex-Senator from Missouri, and ex-Chairman of the Republican National Committee, who is now at the head of the United States Commission for the St. Louis exposition, has been in Washington several days in company with ex-Gov. Fishers of Missouri, who is at the head of the exposition organization, looking after the foreign interests of the exposition, and the forwarding through the Department of State of the President's proclamation, inviting the participation of all nations in the exposition. Speaking of the matter, Mr. Carter said: "The President will give the proclamation in a few days and the great exposition will then be officially inaugurated. Everything promises that the St. Louis Exposition will collapse something of the kind ever held in the world. Close study of the best points of every International Exposition has this year been enjoyed with most of the efforts that make so delightful the average American home; it will not be the fault of the hotel managers there. Every accessory conducive to indoor or outdoor enjoyment has been provided in the world-famous White Mountain hosteries, and luxury and luxuriance with which one may travel thither in the equally famous express trains of the Boston & Maine railroad removes the last possible objection to the journey thither."

The upliftin

g beauty of the White Mountains has so often been noticed by the most brilliant among American writers and thinkers that those who come after them feel a reluctance to their what they have so much more eloquently said. There is an abundance of splendid literature on the subject of the White Mountains, and it ought to be more widely read than it is.

From the day of Starr King, who may be called the discoverer of the region,

In the sense of its poets and picturesque values, the White Mountains have proved an inimitable source of inspiration to the poet and the descriptive writer, and the glories of Mt. Washington and its sublime sunrise and sunset views, of snow-bounding Tuckerman's ravine of the Glen, the Crawford Notch, Franklin Notch, Echo Lake, the Pemigewasset River, North Woods,

the Franconia Notch, the White Mountains, the Pemigewasset Valley and the many other charming sections of the mountains have been sung throughout the civilized world.

"Among the Mountains" will tell one briefly about all these places, and "Along Shore" will describe the manifold attractions of old Old Orchard, Kennebunk, Wells, Ogunquit, York, Rye, Hampton and the other popular Atlantic coast resorts hereabouts.

These illustrated booklets are issued by the passenger department of the Boston & Maine railroad, and will be sent to my address, on receipt of a cent stamp, for postage.

Weather Bulletin.

Copyrighted, 1901, by W. T. Peter.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 24.—Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross-continent September 1 to 5, warm wave 1 to 4, cool wave 8 to 7.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast of S. West central valleys 6 to 8, eastern states 6.

Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about 4, great central valleys 8, eastern states 8. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about 7, great central valleys 5, eastern states 11.

Week ending September 2 will average about normal with no special weather events of importance—the east before the storm, the sleeping giant gathering strength for the future fray.

About date of this bulletin a comparatively cool wave will be in the great central valleys moving eastward, but the end of the hot wave is not yet; it will probably renew our trouble with another searching on meridian 90 near 28 and then we may expect another rest from inconveniences of torrid weather.

After some storms September 8 to 10 a delightful place of cool and bracing weather will overspread the whole continent, but lovers of house plants in the northern states would better cover up trees out of doors about September 1, for Jack frost may conclude a visit about that time.

Done with hot weather? Oh no! You will get another bluster for September 16 to 22 with only a short cool wave between.

What shall you do with your old corn? Keep it of course. Don't think of sending it to Chicago. There are twelve million bushels of corn here now and the price is too high to ship it to Europe. Corn will be shipped from Chicago back into the country places where a sufficient supply has been produced and whoever has old corn ought to be happy and keep it till they see further.

Wheat? You will be disappointed if you have expected to raise as good a

crop of winter wheat next year as the average of this year, and you would be very foolish to sell wheat now.

Whoever gets less than 90 cents for wheat at Chicago will not get what belongs to them. I sold the same four months ago and am not ready to make corrections.

Mrs. H. B. Hanson went to New

York last Sunday.

Sailors Meet.

The initial meeting of the Rhode Island sailors was held in Providence, Wednesday. Nearly all the members of the profession throughout the State were present.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Capt. Geo. H. Petit, state sealer; vice president, Elmer S. Luther; secretary-treasurer, Roy C. Greene.

After the election of officers Capt. Petit showed some of the ways in which people were cheated on short measure. He showed some false buttons taken from people in various parts of the city, and confounded by the department. The sailors then adjourned to Eighty Point where dinner was served, after which a sail down the bay was enjoyed.

What shall you do with your old corn? Keep it of course. Don't think of sending it to Chicago. There are twelve million bushels of corn here now and the price is too high to ship it to Europe. Corn will be shipped from Chicago back into the country places where a sufficient supply has been produced and whoever has old corn ought to be happy and keep it till they see further.

Wheat? You will be disappointed if you have expected to raise as good a

crop of winter wheat next year as the average of this year, and you would be very foolish to sell wheat now.

Whoever gets less than 90 cents for wheat at Chicago will not get what belongs to them. I sold the same four months ago and am not ready to make corrections.

Mrs. H. B. Hanson went to New

York last Sunday.

Sealers Meet.

The initial meeting of the Rhode Island sailors was held in Providence, Wednesday. Nearly all the members of the profession throughout the State were present.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Capt. Geo. H. Petit, state sealer; vice president, Elmer S. Luther; secretary-treasurer, Roy C. Greene.

After the election of officers Capt. Petit showed some of the ways in which people were cheated on short measure. He showed some false buttons taken from people in various parts of the city, and confounded by the department. The sailors then adjourned to Eighty Point where dinner was served, after which a sail down the bay was enjoyed.

MORE MILLS START OLD BASIS STANDS**Strike Breakers End Long Period of Inactivity****Plants of National Tube Company Closed by Strikers**

Pittsburg, Aug. 20.—The United States Steel corporation made a series of sales yesterday in the restoration of properties captured by the strike of the Amalgamated Association and its affiliated partners. The steel mills at Monessen, after a long period of inactivity, were partly put in motion by strike-breakers gathered in spite of the southern states. Two more mills in the Patented plant were also started up, and another large mill at the Clark property was also operated for the first time.

There was some disorder in the streets of Monessen during the day, but the local police never lost control of the demonstrative crowds, and no actions trouble the community.

The reopening of the Monessen mill is believed to be the first of a series of progressive moves on the part of the steel corporation. Preparations are known to be in progress for reopening the Blairton mills at Pittsburgh, and for increasing the force at the Lindsay & McClellan mills, and it is thought to only be a matter of time before the strongholds of the strikers, like Newcastle, McKeesport, Wheeling, Beloit and Atlanta, will be invaded.

The strikers deny that any real progress has been made either by Monessen or Pittsburgh, and say that they are not to be frightened by the burning of a lot of coal and the mere operation of machinery. They say that skilled men cannot be secured outside of their districts and that none of them can be recruited, despite efforts to the contrary.

Pittsburg, Aug. 21.—Following the rapid moves of Monday on either side of the great steel strike, there was a tall yesterday. It has been a rousing fight so far, with small victories and minor defeats for both sides, but it now seems to be settling down into a hard, determined struggle, on which neither side will acknowledge defeat while there is hope left.

The closing of the Pennsylvania and Continental tube plants of the National Tube company in Pittsburg, commenced Monday night, was completed yesterday. Counting both plants about 1800 men went out and both the properties are shut down.

The closing of the Pennsylvania and Continental plants completely tied up the National Tube company in Pittsburg and Wheeling. The company has made no effort to start up at any point.

The Pennsylvania men went first, quitting in response to a call of the conference of the American Federation of Labor.

Pittsburg, Aug. 22.—The steel strike situation has undergone no change. There is no extension of the strike, and the steel managers have not attempted to start more mills. Late yesterday the fires were lighted in the Donisthorpe Tin Plate works at McKeesport, but the machinery was not started, and no attempt was made to operate it. It is believed, however, that the move is preliminary to a strike with non-union men.

Pittsburg, Aug. 23.—Aside from the partial equipment of the Star plant of the American Tin Plate company, and the preparation for its immediate resumption of business, there were no special developments in the strike situation in this city yesterday. No further trouble occurred at the Pennsylvania Tube works, and at all other strike points quiet reigns.

The Amalgamated people point to the conduct of their members in restraining from violence when they see non-unions being marched into the mills to take their places. The incident at the Star plant yesterday is given as an example of especial significance, and to use an Amalgamated officer's expression, shows that the men have been educated to the knowledge that their strongest weapon in such cases is silence and submission until it is demonstrated that the mills cannot be operated successfully without the aid of skilled men, now on strike.

The steel men, on the other hand, are highly pleased with their success in manning the Star plant, and say that if the men they secure are not manifested it will be but a short time until all of their mills will be in full operation and doing good work.

The Feeling at Joliet

Joliet, Ill., Aug. 23.—Reports that steel mills here are to resume Monday are absolutely without official foundation, either as regards the company or the Amalgamated association. There is a strong sentiment among some of the strikers in favor of a return to work under some honorable plan, but they will stand by the strike order, at least until it shall be known that South Chicago will not go out.

To Study Leprosy

St. Louis, Aug. 21.—Dr. Louis Knapp, aged 40, has separated himself from his wife and four children, and will become isolated from the world to nurse Dong Gong, a Chinese leper, who was found here two weeks ago. Dr. Knapp and his patient will live in a three-room frame house now being built by the city authorities at quarantine until necessity for his services shall have ended. Dr. Knapp will take his library to quarantine, and devote the greater part of his time to the study of leprosy.

Reform Wave Strikes Chicago

Chicago, Aug. 21.—President Lindblom of the civil service commission announces that the entire police department of the city will be investigated. This is a result of charges filed against members of the detective bureau, who are charged with securing "take-offs" on expense accounts.

Demurrers Overruled

Boston, Aug. 22.—George M. Foster, former cashier of the defunct South Denver National bank of Peabody, and John W. Dickinson, a note broker, living in Newton, must stand trial before a jury in the United States district court for alleged complicity in wrecking that institution. Judge Lowell yesterday overruled the demurrers filed to the indictments and set the trial of both defendants for Sept. 17.

Will Be No Cutdown in Wages at Fall River**Other News of Interest from Various Parts of New England States**

Fall River, Mass., Aug. 21.—The fact that there will be no cut-down in wages for the mills of this city on Sept. 3, as unbroken yesterday by the manufacturers, had considerable effect on the attendance at the meeting of labor organizations last night. The operatives persisted in the solid stand they have taken since reduction talk started, and last night the weavers, spinners and spinners met. In each case it was unanimously voted to oppose the wage reduction. The action of the meeting had been discounted, however, and the officers of the organization were mostly absent.

The work of obtaining signatures to the agreement will not be abandoned at once, but the executive committee will not make any attempt to persuade manufacturers to sign. The question of reduction will be allowed simply to drop out of sight. Those are manufacturers representing many more than the required 1,750,000 spinners who believe that a reduction in wages is needed, but all of them were not prepared to enter an agreement at the present time. If a strike were forced and contracts broken the mills would be liable to losses from resulting stills.

Mrs. Eddy Wins Dividend

Concord, N. H., Aug. 23.—Counsel for Mrs. Eddy, the *Christian Science* leader, have filed a motion for the dismissal of the action now pending in the circuit court, brought by Josephine O. Woodbury, to recover from Mrs. Eddy for alleged fraud, on the ground that the case has been tried in the Massachusetts supreme court, and an opinion rendered adverse to the contention of the plaintiff. Arguments on the motion will be heard at the August term.

Turned Over to Worcester Police

Marlboro, Mass., Aug. 23.—Henry Nodreac, accused of stealing money and jewelry, and who was caught here after an exciting chase, was turned over to the Worcester police last night. An effort was made to prefer a minor charge against him here, but it was not pressed, and he could be discharged. He was immediately rearrested on warrant from Worcester.

Woman Drowned Herself

Taunton, Mass., Aug. 23.—The body of a woman found in a small pond at Grafton park yesterday was identified last night as that of Mrs. Minnie Stone. Around the waist was fastened a number of heavy iron and brass rings. After a careful examination the police decided that the woman had committed suicide by jumping into the pond.

Took French Leave

Exeter, N. H., Aug. 23.—John T. Cochran of Cambridge, Mass., and George R. Harvey of Lebo escaped from jail here yesterday. Cochran was walking trial for receiving a student out of several hundred dollars. He was also wanted in Cambridge. Harvey was being held on a petty larceny charge.

Given Poison by Mistake

Manchester, N. H., Aug. 23.—Teresita Hough has developed that Mrs. Josephine Boulinier met her death through a dose of corrosive sublimate administered to her by a friend, who supposed the stuff was Epsom salts. Mrs. Hough took a spoonful and lingered in agony for 10 days.

Wire Communication Got Off

Nantucket, Mass., Aug. 23.—On account of the recent cutting of the Gay Head cable by a schooner, Nantucket has no direct communication by wire and all messages are handled by wire to Cottontail City, whence by boat to the mainland. A search is being made for the ends of the cable.

Tax Collector Under Arrest

New Britain, Conn., Aug. 23.—Charles H. Faulkner was arraigned in court yesterday on the charge of embezzling \$10,500 while acting as collector of taxes and assessments for the city. He pleaded not guilty. The case was adjourned until Aug. 28, and the bond was fixed at \$15,000.

British Athletes Hero

Boston, Aug. 23.—The Dominion Line steamer Commonwealth, from Liverpool and Queenstown, docked at daylight this morning. Among her passengers were the Oxford and Cambridge athletes, who are to compete against Harvard and Yale in New York next month.

Fiancee Saw Him Drown

Waltham, Mass., Aug. 23.—Milton B. Bucklin of Providence was drowned while swimming in a pond here yesterday. His fiancee saw him drown and was unable to save him. Bucklin was 24 years old, and had been a guest here of N. N. Knight.

Lost Both Legs

Taunton, Mass., Aug. 23.—George W. Jackson, an employee of the Old Colony railroad, was crushed by a train here last evening and killed. He fell between the ears and both his legs were cut off, while his head was terribly injured.

A Smallpox Victim

Boston, Aug. 23.—Another smallpox victim was reported yesterday by the board of health. The victim is Stanley Jenkins, whose death occurred at the smallpox detention house, where he was admitted last Friday.

Foodstuffs Condensed

Boston, Aug. 21.—The Plant Line steamer Halifax, which was wrecked on Boston harbor, Aug. 12, was towed to a dry dock yesterday for examination. The health board condemned a large amount of provisions, amounting in all to an estimated value of \$19,515.

The "Hoodoo" Transport

New York, Aug. 23.—The United States transport Ingalls, which returned to port last week with leaky cargo ports, sailed again yesterday for Manila. It is said that all her cargo has been removed and the stores which she carried will be shipped to Manila by a merchant vessel.

NEW ENGLAND NEWS

E. J. Glancy, who took poison at Munden, Miss., because he was disgruntled, is dead. He leaves a widow. The steam saw mill of George E. Rapp at Tilton, N. H., was burned down. Loss, \$100.

The body of an unknown man was found in Winona lake, Center Harbor, N. H. He was, apparently, about 60 years of age, 5 feet 9 inches to height, bent hump and stoopistic, with probable weight of 175 pounds.

More than 200 horses at Lexington, Mass., are ill with a distemper which veterinarians diagnose as a certain form of equine bronchitis. Several animals have died from the trouble.

Jose Jacobson, a Portuguese boy, was drowned in Oliver's pond, Providence, falling from a raft on which he was playing.

Bishop O'Connell dedicated the new Catholic church of Rock Harbor, Me., giving to the edifice the name of "St. Mary of the Isles."

Lewis Doering, Jr., died at Concord, N. H., aged 81. He maintained his reputation with the establishment of Bowring & Abbot, bankers of the Concord trustees. For 60 years he had been connected with the firm, being the president of the Abbot-Bowring corporation at the time of his death.

Luther D. Hunt, Jr., whom neighbors said was an eccentric bachelor, took his life at St. Albans, Vt., by using a razor on his throat. He served in the Civil war as a sharpshooter nurse in hospitals.

Mr. Frank Battinich of Alexandria, N. H., was killed in a carriage accident and his daughter, aged 18, was severely hurt. The horse Mrs. Battinich was driving took flight and ran away.

An attempt to wrench a passenger train was made at a point opposite an Italian camp, near Marlboro, Mass. The engineer saw an obstruction and stopped the train just as the pilot hit a brain which straddled the track.

The Maine Central railroad corporation and machine shops, at Brunswick, Me., were burned, with a loss of about \$15,000.

While descending from Illinois, Jewel Coakley, 31 years old, committed suicide by drowning at Lowell, Mass. She leaves a wife and four small children.

The body of Miss H. M. Flagg was found in Oliver lake, Atka, Mass. The medical examiner gave an opinion of suicide, which ended conjectures as to wounds found upon the body, which were caused by contact of the body with rocks.

Walter M. Lester, for 16 years identified with the newspaper business of Worcester, Mass., died at that city from a complication of diseases. He was born in Lowell, 48 years ago.

Lillian H. Anderson, aged 7, died at Pawtucket, R. I., as the result of a fall from a window.

Thomas Nolan, aged 8, was drowned at New Haven by falling into a slip. How he stumbled in is not known.

In Springfield, 18 years old, a domestic, was thrown into Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester. She, with her employer, Michael Mikell, and Miss Milda Mandy, were out swimming. They were struck broadside by the swell from a steamer and the canoe upset.

Miss Annie Brooks and Miss Anna Pelletier of Boston received the white veil from Bishop Bradley at Manchester, N. H., thereby taking the initial steps into the order of the Sisters of Mercy.

William Hamilton, aged 50, died at Pawtucket, R. I., from a broken neck, after a fall down stairs at his home.

The death of Mrs. Irving P. Gibbs, which occurred at Cambridge, Mass., takes away the last member of a family of four, in the space of six weeks.

Father Louis Moton has been appointed superior of the Dominican monastery and pastor to Lewiston, Me., to succeed Father A. R. Grollman, who has officiated in that capacity for the past four years, but has recently been appointed superior of a Dominican monastery in Fall River.

After several years' absence, Colonel H. F. Greenleaf met the members of his old Civil War command, the Fifty-second Massachusetts regiment, at its 37th reunion at Hatfield, Mass. He was warmly greeted and the veterans had a very enjoyable time.

Mrs. Hattie W. Potter, wife of a former amateur at Italy, died at her summer cottage at Kennebunkport, Me. A brother arrived at her bedside from Alaska one hour after her death.

Arthur C. Shuman, an actor, aged 38, died suddenly at Higgins Beach, Me., where he has been summering. Mr. Shuman's home was at Tully, N. Y.

Daniel C. Gould of Bangor, Me., shot himself in a fit of despondency, brought on by business reverses, and died from his wound.

The controller of the currency has declared a dividend of 25 percent in favor of the creditors of the insolvent South Danvers National bank of Peabody, Mass.

James S. Howe of Bangor, Me., aged 20, died at Greenville, Me., after a long illness of Bright's disease. Mr. Howe was for many years connected with the Bangor Whig and Courier.

The body of Charles Abbott, 45 years old, was found on the roadside at Salmon Falls, N. H. Coroner Wentworth decided that the cause of death was alcoholism.

Patrick McCarthy, while sleeping on the railroad track at Manchester, N. H., was run over by a heavy freight train and badly mangled. He will probably die.

Cubans Hard to Please

Boston, Aug. 23.—Many of the Cuban teachers, who left Cambridge last night on their return to their island home, after a summer at the Harvard school for Cubans, appeared to be disgruntled. A spokesman said that where last year receptions, dances and entertainments had been arranged for the Cubans, this year they were ignored. He said most of them were sorry they had come, for they had anticipated a repetition of last year's round of gayeties. They also found compulsory attendance at the Cuban school irksome.

Get Into Strong Current

Haverhill, Mass., Aug. 19.—Two good swimmers were drowned in the Merrimack river yesterday, because of the strong current into which one had gone and the other while attempting to make a rescue. The men were Frank Judge and David Rafferty, both of Lawrence. Rafferty had gone to Judge's assistance.

LITTLEFIELD'S VIEWS

On the Supreme Court Decision in the *Tinker Case*.

Proctor, Aug. 23.—A session was caused at yesterday's session of the American Bar association by the address of Colgatean Littlefield of Maine, on "The *Insluar Cases*." Mr. Littlefield's address drew forth loud and long-continued applause.



CHARLES E. LITTLEFIELD.

Industrial Trust Co.,

Office, 303 Thames Street.

Capital	\$1,500,000.00
Surplus	1,000,000.00
Deposits (August 1, 1901)	18,628,056.27
Resources	21,175,798.81

Transacts a general banking and trust business.

Interest paid on deposits.

Accounts of individuals, corporations and trustees solicited.

THE CHARACTER
OF A
Suit of Clothes

IS THE GREATER PORTION OF ITS VALUE.

It is this quality of character which has helped to make our clothes famous, besides the fact that they contain every essential quality of the made-to-order sort at about one-half the price.

Apply the test of your personal investigation today.

Newport One Price

A Genuine Lincoln Anecdote.

The following anecdote is vouchsafed by the editor of *Lincoln Monthly*, who tells it from a very old lady, Mrs. A. H. Holden, now living in Los Angeles, Cal., who was a close neighbor of the Lincolns' family when they resided at Springfield, Ill.

"I can remember clearly a little incident which occurred one very hot Sunday morning in summer. It was just about the time Mr. Lincoln had received the nomination for Senator. My brother had gone to Chicago alone, nothing, as I was not feeling well. I was sitting at the window looking out on the street, when I espied Little Tad Lincoln trotting down the walk past our house, as fast as his little legs could carry him. He was between two and three years of age at that time and was the whitest little chap imaginable. His father had nicknamed him 'Tadpole' and shortened it to 'Tad,' as all the neighbors knew.

"Mrs. Lincoln had gone to church, leaving the children at home in charge of Mr. Lincoln, and the little fellow had escaped from the yard in some way or other. As I watched 'Tad' trotting past, I heard him calling him from up above. Raising up, I saw Mr. Lincoln calling us but as his long legs could easily kill. As I have said, it was an exceedingly warm day, and people were wearing their lightest clothes. As long as I live I shall never forget Mr. Lincoln's appearance. He was restless, restless, bounded and tormented! Think of it! The man who was later to be President of the United States, actually slithering down the street I watched after him through sight! It was the most refined sight I have ever witnessed. 'Tad' was soon overtaken, and Mr. Lincoln, grasping his shoulders round about the waist, took him under his long arm like a sack of meal, with his head to the rear, and started for home again. Unfortunately church services had just closed, and the streets were crowded with people, fashionably dressed, who started in astonished and with merriment over the comical sight. Little 'Tad' was squirming, kicking and squirming in a vain attempt to escape. His little arms and legs were revolving in all directions and the sight of Mr. Lincoln, bent over and half dressed with that boy under his arm, would have real 'laugh' into spasm had she witnessed it. He, however, was not embarrassed in the least, but dashed out bowed right and left to acquaintances, responding cheerfully to them. 'Why, good morning, Mr. Lincoln!' 'How are you, Mr. Seward?' 'How are you, Mr. Lincoln?' all the time wearing a pleasant smile, while the spectators were nearly convulsed at the sight!"

She was a tall, finely proportioned woman, handsomely gewed. As she paced along with grace and majestic tread her voluminous draperies followed after her with a silken swish that was truly impressive. It must have been the fluttering motion of the robes that attracted a little lad from one of the neighboring porches. Here was something to play with, and he ran after the swishing flounces, passing and hitting at them, and glancing aside between times to watch their fascinating flutter. He was a very little dog—one of the 'toy' variety, and a puppy of that—and the daintiest weet of the bairns seen in the drawing of the attention he was paying her. She was oblivious, even when the doglet tried of harrasing the swishing robes, suddenly plunged himself down in the midst of it. Whether the motion pleased or frightened him it would be hard to say, but he clung to his perilous position as though used to stitching free rides whenever occasion offered. Then his weight began to tell, the train was gathered up with a jerk and the puppy rolled clear across the sidewalk. He yelped, too, so much as to say it didn't pay to take a train when you only wanted a dog car. But the people who sat on the adjoining porches smiled, and the piece of the ingesta woman was hastened to quale time. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Murk Twain tells thus the story of his great London banquet, at which by the way there were eight or nine hundred guests. He admits that not having been used to that kind of dinner he felt somewhat lonesome. "The Lord Mayor or somebody read out a list of the chief guests before we began to eat. When he came to prominent names the other guests would applaud. I found the man next to me rather a good talker. Just as we got up an interesting subject there was a tremendous clapping of hands. I had hardly ever heard such applause before, straightened up and set to clapping with the rest, and I noticed a good many people round about me fixing their attention on me. 'Who is it?' I asked the gentleman on my right. 'Samuel Clemens, better known in England as Mark Twain,' he replied. I stopped clapping. The life seemed to go out of me. I never was in such a fix in all my days."—Mainly About People.

A gentleman in this city who has taken much interest in the Samson-Schley controversy, and who, although a staunch Republican, believes that the Navy Department, Washington, has been unjust to Admiral Schley, tells this story at the expense of Secretary Long's department: "Something over a year ago," he said, "an Irishman who had enlisted in the United States army was sent to the Philippines for service. One day he was shot in the head, and after the bullet was removed he was ordered home. While in the hospital the surgeon became attached to the private for his cheerfulness and wit under trying circumstances. In removing the bullet the doctor accidentally removed a little piece of the soldier's brain. After the soldier had returned to the United States the surgeon wrote to the soldier, telling him of the piece of brain which had been taken out with the bullet, and asking facetiously if he wanted it returned. The soldier answered as follows: 'Thank you, no. I shall not need it, as I have a situation in the Navy Department.'—Baltimore Sun.

"Willie, whom did George Washington marry?"

"The Widow Pitts, ma'am."

"Did he marry children?"

"Yes, in the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution," life.

"I've called," said the patient, "to see what you would give for an attack of rheumatism."

"Nothing," stopped Dr. Crichton. "I've got an attack myself that I'd like to give away."—Philadelphia Press.

"So the Boston girl was very ill, was she?"

"Yes, it's a little weather."

"Well, at first she didn't reply, but then she smiled and ran away."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Entered as a Model.

D. C. French, the sculptor, tells with much relish the story of his experience when he was entreated to make the bust of Rudolf Waldo Emerson which is in Memorial Hall of Harvard University.

"One of the fittings, says Mr. French, Mr. Emerson rose suddenly and walked over to where the artist was working. He looked long and earnestly at the bust, and then, with an infinitude of expression, he said:

"The trouble is the nose it resembles yours."

After the sculptor had finished the bust he asked Mr. Emerson to inspect it. The philosopher's opinion was characteristically terse.

"Well," he said at last, "that is the face I always."

Mr. Emerson Mr. French relates, made in of his own observations without another bust, the work of another artist. It was a chivalrous kind of thing and showed not the slightest hint of hubris.

"The ideal! You're an exception to the rule."

"Well, as there's no chisel, all the dirt of bust'll be blamed on me."—Philadelphia Press.

"It looks as unless it is a bust, doesn't it?"

A Financial Discussion.

"Phone tomorrow. Can you read me \$20 for a few days?"

"Weary Friend. Why don't you pawn your watch?"

"Because it is a keepsake from my dead mother, and I don't like to part with it."

"My mother is a keepsake from my dead father, and I don't like to part with it either."—Examiner.

Facts in the Case:

Wife, John, I wish you would have a new clothes washer sent up today, I'm behind in business. My dear, that won't easily fit in my line.

Wife, Then whose line is it?"

Husband, In the clothesline plate only.—Chicago News.

Colonel E. B. Bassett, of New York, was brevetted general for distinguished services during the war, says the *Holiday Companion*, but characteristically modestly forbade the use of that title when he returned to civilian life. Not only did he perform the only military feat of decapitation during the Civil War, but he was the hero of a jockeylike ride. A few days before the battle of Gettysburg was fought General Meade had an important message to send to General Hurling, one hundred miles distant. As the route was through a country swarming with rebels the message was written on the jacket that might be swallowed in case the carrier was captured. The unfortunate was in doubt regarding a suitable messenger. He summoned General Davis to headquarters. "General, who is the bravest rider, as well as the most trustworthy man in the service?" asked Meade. "Colonel Parsons, etc." was the prompt reply. "Send him to me once." It was six o'clock on Monday night when General Meade gave the young officer his instructions. He was to ride with all haste to General Hurling's headquarters and return at once with an answer. The messenger rode. Two hundred miles were to be covered. The roads were heavy and they led through the enemy's country. Exactly noon on the following day Colonel Parsons entered Gettysburg. The horse's face grew purple with rage and he ripped off a string of oaths. "Is this the way you obey orders?" he thundered. "What are you hating around camp for? You ought to be with General Hurling by this time." "I have just returned from General Hurling, sir." "You fool!" exclaimed the exasperated general. Parsons' face paled, and he dug the odds in his hands to restrain himself. "General Meade," he said in a voice that I concealed his anger. "If you were not my commanding officer, I would knock you down for that insult." Without the formality of a salute, he turned on his heel and left the tent. Meade afterward made an ample apology. Colonel Parsons killed two horses and went himself without a particle of food. For eighteen hours he was not out of the saddle. The horse certainly deserved more praise than the man, for they died to give him glory.

Jack Rogers was a newspaper reporter and broke. He had hung around the Duluth newspaper offices for a job until he had been requested to move on. So he decided to move on to Des Moines. But how to get there was the question, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean. Jack put on his thinking cap, and the result was that two hours later he found himself on a train and the conductor standing by his seat. "Ticket?" said the conductor. "See here, conductor," said Jack easily, "my name's Rogers, and I'm a reporter on the Des Moines Air Blast. I'm broke, and I'm in a hurry to get back home with a scoop. You let me ride, and the office will fix it up with you, see?" Well," said the conductor, "I guess that'll do all right. The road feels friendly toward the Air Blast. In fact, the editor is in the back coach. Come along and I'll introduce you. If he says you're all right go." Jack was knocked all in a heap at the turn things had taken, but he had nothing to do but follow the conductor. They halted in front of a man in the back coach, and the conductor said: "Mr. Smiten, this is Mr. Rogers. He says he's a reporter on your paper, and wants the office to pay for his transportation when he gets to Des Moines." "How do you do, Mr. Rogers?" said the editor pleasantly, extending his hand. "Glad to see you; sit down here with me." The conductor didn't wait for any more, but went off. "Well, this is nice of you," said Jack, too astonished and embarrassed to talk straight. "Of course I'm not on your paper, but I'm broke, and I want to the conductor, hoping to get a job and square up later." "Oh, that's all right, my boy," said the other. "Neither am I on the paper. I'm only riding on the editor's pass."

General Frantz V. Greene, whose narrative history of the United States Army begins in the September *Soldier's*, was the general who received the surrender of Macau. Members of his family have taken part in every war of this country. One of his collateral ancestors was General Nathaniel Greene of the Revolution, and his father was General George S. Greene of the Civil War. He himself is a West Pointer, of the class of '50.

Rollington Nomos. I leant across a dog-eared day-wear which was in no way to me hand. Biggin Tatters. I encountered a dog which was out of my leg. I got the seat yet.

"Nothing," stopped Dr. Crichton. "I've got an attack myself that I'd like to give away."—Philadelphia Press.

"So the Boston girl was very ill, was she?"

"Yes, it's a little weather."

"Well, at first she didn't reply, but then she smiled and ran away."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Kinship Names.

Belle, the romping 8-year-old, came dancing and skipping into the parlor. Then, seeing a strange callie, she stopped, blushed, "There is my little daughter," said her mother. "Belle, this is Mrs. Baker."

"How do you do, Mrs. Baker?" said Belle, at once to remove any unfavorable impression the visitor might have formed. "I know a little girl at school named Sue. Is she any relation of yours?"—Chicago Herald.

Knew Her Business.

"You will find the work easy," said Mrs. Haase, "We live very simply, and there are no children."

"Oh, I'll not take the place away from my child," interrupted the applicant.

"The ideal! You're an exception to the rule."

"Well, as there's no child, all the dirt of bust'll be blamed on me."—Philadelphia Press.

Wanted Rusty Ones.

One of Munro's little friends had a pair of russet shoes, and she thought it would be nice for her to have a pair of that kind so when she and her mother went to the shoe store she and the clerk brought out some black ones she said:

"That is not the kind I want, mother. I want a pair of rusty ones."

A Fatal Error.

Hyde, So Higgins died, notwithstanding they gave him McKinley's say, elegantly suited for consumption. McKinley failed to feel pretty cheery.

Hovey. Not at all. He says the doctors were wrong in their diagnosis. They ought to have given Higgins his sovereign specific for kidney troubles.—Boston Tribune.

Not Positive.

"I want a positive answer, Mrs. Jones. Will you marry me?"

"No?"

"That's hardly fair. I asked for a positive answer, and you have given me a negative."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Queer.

Hi-finish says that city fellow gave him a hundred income odd dollars for his home.

Si-Yon. I don't hear the rest of it. When you took them dollars to bank, he said they was all odd.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Cheese.

The doctors say that cheese will digest everything except itself, and why does not digest itself may be guessed when it is known that after a veritable treatment it becomes like leather.

Mrs. Leland Stanford has started a series of President rooms at Stanford University, California. The idea originated with Mrs. Stanford the day following President Cleveland's inauguration. She visited the Peniston building the day after his inauguration and purchased a half dozen chairs, a number of the shields, coats of arms, banners, laboratory glassware, several flags and other articles. Later on she reported some of the chairs that were on the reviewing stand used by the President in front of the White House. The chairs were pink when she bought them, but by the time she got them, they were brown. The messenger told her that the girls who had decorated them were somewhat different. Mrs. Stanford also has a Hardesty room, and her agent is now preparing a McKinley room. Mrs. McKinley has sent a present for the room, with her compliments, in the shape of framed photographs of the President and herself. Among other things recently sent for the room were a half dozen of the chairs used in the inauguration reviewing stands. They were simply white pine chair, but when they go into the McKinley room at the university they will have been very handsomely treated, iniquitous and ornate.

In private houses the distrust of a woman tinner is even more pronounced than in the salerooms, and very seldom I delegated to doctor a piano in need of home treatment. The manager used to introduce me into families, but the plan didn't work. Somehow, the people could never be induced to look upon me in any other light than meek and frayed, and no matter how cleverly I might transform their piano, they would stick to it that they had been imposed upon and insist upon my doing over again."

"I should think it would be awfully discouraging to forge ahead under such circumstances," said the caller.

"With that he dismissed me. At a third place the well-meaning head tinner solemnly assured me that it was my duty, not only to myself but to my sex in general, to abdicate the idea of taking up an occupation that was so trying that even the nerves of a strong man were racked and torn beyond repair.

Woman, he said, were like unto a flock of sheep. Where one went all would want to do it, at least as far as his sex was concerned. At another large establishment an old chap, wearing eye-glasses and the air of a foreign musician, took me in hand.

"Let us absurd," he said. "A woman's nervous system is not put up that way. She could not stand it."

"With that he dismissed me. At a third place the well-meaning head tinner solemnly assured me that it was my duty, not only to myself but to my sex in general, to abdicate the idea of taking up an occupation that was so trying that even the nerves of a strong man were racked and torn beyond repair.

Woman, he said, were like unto a flock of sheep. Where one went all would want to do it, at least as far as his sex was concerned.

"No—no," she moaned; "it is from my son-in-law. I am a grandmother." Chicago Record-Herald.

An old lady, who was very much of a bore, paid a visit to a family of her acquaintance. She prolonged her stay and finally said to one of the children:

"I am going away directly, Stanley, and I want you to go part of the way with me."

"Can't do it. We are going to have dinner as soon as you leave," replied Stanley.

A lady in Dublin, wishing to enter a jaunting car, asked the driver if there was any fear of infection when he repaired. "Sure you needn't fear that, madam," he said. "I've had the jaunting car since last Wednesday."

"Now, Johnny," said the boy to his small pupil in the jaunting car, "even may compare the 'wood-sack'."

"Johnny hesitated for a moment then burst out: 'So's so, dad!'

It was the first time Johnny had seen a street-spirits'.

"On, man!" said the boy, "she's dead, set her eyes, miss, see what that madam set on her face to keep the boy from a jaunting car!"

Miss. Here's a note to you from Mr. Crichton.

Miss. He reads as follows: "Good morning, Wednesday and Friday evenings."—Chicago Daily Herald.

Castoria.

Beats

Success

of

Castor

Success

of

Castor

Success

of

Castor

Success

of

Castor

Success

